# ORIFANS INDEPENDENT STANDARD.

A. A. EARLE, PUBLISHER.

No More Compromise with Slavery.

ITERMS, \$1,25 IN ADVANCE.

## VOLUME 4--NUMBER 14.

IRASBURGH, VERMONT, FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1859.

WHOLE NUMBER 170.

#### SCENES IN SLAVE-LAND.

Here is what the 'Roving Editor' saw and heard in Richmond, Virginia:-

I walked from the cemetery to the Court House, accompanied some distance by a slave, who was whistling, as he drove along, a popular line, which faithfully describes his lot in life :

\* Jordan am a hard road to trabble !\*

Undoubtedly I mused; and so, too, was the Red Sea to the Egyptians! I intended to attend the Mayor's Court, but when I reached the hall his honor had

not yet arrived. On the outer door of the hall, was posted a manuscript advertisement, of which I have preserved a verbatim copy.

Here it is:

#### SHERIFF'S SALE.

a Negro Boy, named Willis, to satisfy reserved for a more convenient season. two Executions, in my hands, against Aaron T. Burton."

" PHILIP BLOMSTON, S. D."

After transcribing this atrocious adverin Wall street and that vicinity.

### A SLAVE SALE.

The first apartment that I entered was an old, long, low, whitewashed, damplooking room, of which the ceiling was supported by three wooden pillars .-There were between thirty and forty white persons present. Seven or eight living chattels were 'on sale, for cash, to the highest bidder."

The sale commenced almost immediately after I made my appearance in the shambles. The first Article offered was a girl twelve years of age. She was of the pleasures of knowledge, of home, dressed in a small-checked tartan frock, a white apron and a light-colored handkerchief. She was mounted with the auctioneer on a wooden stand, four steps high. The audience was standing or sitting on forms in different parts of the room.

complexioned man, with light-blue, lazylooking eyes, who drawled out, rather prospective fate, than uttered his words, and chewed an enormous quid of tobacco with a patient and persevering industry that was worthy of a nobler cause.

'Gentlemen,' said the body-seller,

cent to start her.

'Come here,' said a dark-complexion- arre, always visible in the thickest of the took up with this woman.' ed man of thirty, whose face mirrored a crowd. hard, grasping, unsympathetic nature, \* come here, gal.'

\* Get down,' drawled the auctioneer. The girl descended and went to the dark man, who was sitting with his face towards the back of his chair.

as he felt beneath the young girl's chin appropriate to the little man's mental conand pinched her arms, for the purpose probably of ascertaining for himself whether she was as sound and strong as she was warranted to be.

"I don't know how old I'm,' replied the chattel.

" Can you count your fingers?" demanded the dark man.

'Yes,' returned the chattel, as she

ger, 'one-three-two-five.' 'You're wrong! Tut. Take care,' interposed a mulatto, the slave or servant of the auctioneer, as he accompanied her hand from finger to finger. 'Now, try

agin-one-two'---'One,' began the girl, 'two-three-

'She'll do-she'll do,' said the dark man, who appeared perfectly satisfied was about five feet high—and that he 'No,' he said, 'I wouldn't run the risk complain.' with her educational attainments.

bid to start this gal?" asked the auction- the crowd. eer, in an indolently imploring tone.

' Four-fifty,' said the dark man. dollars--four-fifty--four-fifty Northern 'South-side' view of Slavery, here?"

dred end fifty dollars'belief that he must be the celebrated son per part of the abdomen to the knees, ing.

of A Gun so often spoken of in the quar- was shamelessly exhibited to the view of

[From "The Roving Editor: or, Talks with the Slaves in the Southern States," by James Rud-Hahed by A. B. Burdick, 8 Sprines Street, New York.] dollars bid-going at four hundred and his legs was laid bare to criticism. sixty dollars, and gone-if there is noother bid-four h-u-n-dred ende'-

> 'Seventy,' said the dark man. I need not continue the report.

chase her, the girl was ordered to go down finely formed nigger." a second time, to walk about, and to hold He was sold for \$700-about two- house, up her head. She was finally knocked thirds only of the price he would have down to Mr. Philoriffe, of the narrow brought, if his masters could have given brimmed hat, for five hundred and fifty him that certificate of soulless manbood be, said the old lady,

dollars, and sold for eight hundred and ter."

City Hall, commencing at 12 o'clock noon hundred dollars were bid for him, he was of bad morals.

A mulatto-a kind-looking man of March, 1854. forty-five-was next put up; but no bids were made for him.

'That's all, gentlemen,' said the auctisement, I walked to the auction rooms tioneer, as he descended from his Southern platform-this truly 'national' and democratic platform'- I don't think I can offer you any thing else to-day.

> 'This way -- over the way, gentlemen tolled a strong, fron-toned voice at the

We went over the way into another auction-room, (at the corner of the streets) and saw two young female children sold into life-long slavery; doomed to forego, whenever and so often as their masters willed it, all true domestic happiness in this world; condemned to total ignorance of liberty; sentenced to be whipped, imprisoned, or corrupted, as the anger, the caprice, or the lust of their buyers deem- transformed into manifold liberators! ed proper; forced to see their husbands lashed, their daughters polluted, their sons sold into distant States. God bless you Mrs. Stowe!' I involuntarily ejaculated slavery?' in the slave shambles, as I saw these

about twenty-five years of age, \*warrant- ters, and they are not so discontented, of ed sound and strong,' was sold for seven course, as the rest, but ask them at the hundred dollars. He was a captured run. ballot, or some other way, so that they away. The owner, or rather the trustee could express their sentiments without here's a girl twelve years old, warranted of this slave, cut quite a conspicuous fig. fear, and then you would hear such a sound and strong -what d'ye bid to start | nre in the room-a little, Dutch-built, shout for liberty as never was raised beblue-eyed man, very limber indeed both fore." For at least ten minutes, notwithstand- of limb and tongue. He strutted about I will omit my questions. ing all the lazily-uttered laudations of with a little stick in his hand, now here, . My owner hires me out to hotels He the auctioneer, the 'gentlemen' who composed the audience did not bid a single everybody: his light-colored overcont, clear besides that about two hundred dollike the white plume of Henry of Nav- lars for myself. About ten years since I

It would express but a faint idea of som! his state of mind, were I to say that he 'Were you married?' was somewhat agitated. Very faint, in- 'Oh ves,' he continued, 'I was regulardeed. Angry is equally inexpressive. ly married by a minister. They always though it has not the sanction of classical and their owners make a fine wedding of 'How old are you?' said the fellow, usage, is the only phrase which is at all it, but it doesn't amount to anything, be-

> 'Would you believe it, sir!' he snapped often thought this subject over.' at me; 'he actually ran away; I offered one hundred dollars reward, too, and I didn't hear tell of him for two years and

I could hardly suppress a smile at the little man's ludicrously angry expression, as I thought of the very virtuous offence took hold, first of her thumb, then of that the cause of his indignation had comher forefinger, and lastly of her ring fin- mitted. As I saw he expected me to say myself with. But it took all I could she heard it. something, I exclaimed:

Where did you find him finally?"

where -here he raised his voice so that when I'm going to be sold, they may buy white serfs at the North, say you are all every one could here him- where, I me.' dare say, the fellow made as good mint juleps as anybody need drink!"

I say that the slave was standing behind the platform-which in this room before that time?' Gentlemen! will none o' ye make a I left the little man angry and went up to much an object, sir, when a man's turned are contented?

Four-fifty's bid, gentlemen, for this but it is a God's truth, notwithstanding I'm old." gal-four-fifty-four hundred and fifty its obstinate non-conformity with some Are the whites very hard on you the hand.

hundred end fifty dollars-four hundred loons, shirt and vest. His vest was re- here. We dare not say anything about your children around you.' and fifty dollars bid-going at four hun-moved, and his breast and neck exposed. being discontented." His shoes and stockings were next taken This was the statement of one man, Sixty, said a dirty-fooking, unshaven off and his legs beneath the knees exam-fully confirmed in its general particulars man, with a narrow-brimmed hat on, who ined. His other garment was then loos- by another slave, of whose domestic re-

the spectators.

'Sixty!' repeated the auctioneer; 'four- 'Turn round!' said the body-seller. dred and sixty-four hundred end sixty body from the shoulders to the calves of might have observed, but didn't,) was sit-

> 'Not a word, not a look of disgust con- 'Will you have the kindness, madam,' demned this degrading, demoralizing and I said, 'to give me a glass of water?' cowardly exhibition.

To induce the buyers present to pur- eer, ' he's perfectly sound and a very getting it. I did not want it-I only ask- Incident of Com. Stewart's Algerine Experience.

which the Southron style, when they re-The second lot consisted of a young for to the existence of the passive-obeman, who was started at seven hundred dience spirit in a slave, ' a good charac-

'A thousand dollar nigger'-so the thing for a negro to possess. I determin- and very peculiar tone. auctioneer styled a strong, healthy, athlet- ed, then and there, in my future interic specimen of Southern flesh-goods, was course with slaves, to urge them to culti-" Will be sold, to the Highest Bidder, the next piece of merchandise offered vate as a religious duty all the habits on the 2d Monday of April, next, at the for sale; but as not more than eight which would speedily brand them as men my fair sisters of the North!")

These scenes occurred on the 30th of slave.

We next find Mr. Redpath in North to be of the age she mentioned-no, not Carolina, and writing as follows :-The next slave with whom I talked was also a mulatto-one third white blood. The mulattoes are invariably the most discontented of the colored population.

SLAVERY OR MATRIMONY-A I inquired. COLORED CALCULATION.

wife is a free woman, and they are free, cheeks, three on 'em. Two boys were although I am a slave."

bly abolishing slavery would be to change long to be true, I's afeered.'

' How old are you?'

'I am thirty-seven.' ' How do the colored people feel about

· All the colored people of my acquaint-

He is speaking of the wife of his bo-

Mad to the bung and biling over,' al- do it here. The slaves will be married: life at any moment and often is. I've

'What subject?'

'About marrying,' he said. ' Most men do."

'Well, but I mean different. I see, if looks down upon.' 'Really! Two years and three months. they're all free my sons ar'; and I'm giv- but we's no choice but to submit.' ing them as good an education as we 'Would you believe it, my old friend,' 'In a saloon at Petersburg!' he said : dare give them; so that, if the time comes I said, 'that your masters, and their

He sighed, and added:

When I am an old man.'

the hill. Besides, my family. I might 'A half on us, massa!' she exclaimed, Perhaps, my readers, you may be dis- be sold away from them, which I won't be energetically, 'no, not one quarter?'

THE OLD SLAVE MOTHER.

I entered a cabin on the roadside. little child, a slave, with a future as dark ting quietly playing on the doorstep.

'Oh yes, massa,' said the old woman I ' You see, gentlemen,' said the auction- had spoken to, as she set herself about ed for it as an excuse for entering the

> 'Are you a lee wonan, madam?' 'No, massa; I's not I's not likely to

· Were you ever atthe North? 'No massa.'

She gave a funnily stratinizing glance: We-II, massa, I ca-7't say dat, for I A good name is a very unfortunate neeber was dar,' she returned, in a slow "How old are you?"

> (Wasn't that popping a ather delicate question in a rather summery manner

'I's sixty-two,' said the venerable (Ladies, lovely, of the North! would you believe it? She actually appeared

even a single day older,) She had had eleven children, bu-'I's only three I kin see now, massa,'

she added, mournfully. . Have any of your children been sold?

' Yes,' she said, sobbing, the tears be-'I've five children,' he said, 'but my ginning to trickle down her furrowed sold down South-I don't know where ded, addressing a favorite gunner, 'to Of course the reader knows that by they is; and my oldest sen was sold to throw a little grape into that fellow." American law the child follows the con- Texas three years since. There was talk dition of its mother. Mother free, chil- about his coming back, but it's bin talked curled up from the shore side of the ves-

questions now.

to part with your boys; almost as hard to the presence of the officer of the deck. as when your other children died?' I'

wuss. When they're dead, it seems as

ticulate words, but the tears that raced excitement and interest. down her wrinkled face, the sighs that concluded it more eloquently than her tongue could have done.

'It almost broke my heart, massa,' she said, 'but we cannot complain-we's on-

I had the right of selecting the mode of vines in the world to come. I would give each of them, what none of them has, a Christian heart, capable of compassion for human sorrow and suffering; and then I would compel them to look, throughout all eternity, on the ghost of the face of this poor miserable mother, whose children had been sold by their inhuman masters far away from her, and

far distant from each other.

happy and contented with slavery?" 'Well, massa,' she replied, 'we has often to say so to people that ask us; I smile of satisfaction on his features - the entire party were safely back to the was made of corn or rye only; and we I asked if he did not think of escaping would have said it to you, if you hadn't Ten minutes more had not passed ere a Constellation, not having lost a man.— remember many persons who drank Old talked about my childer; we's afeered to cutter with twelve chosen men pushed off The young Lieutenant received the hear-

without losing a man? A deep sigh preceded the slave-mother's I hope so, massa, I hope so; but it the Galeta, in the western part of the ents may be bought from you.

seems as if this life was to be a hard tri- town. The arrival was certainly witlooked so tall and slim as to induce the ened, and his naked body, from the up- lations I asked nothing and know noth- al to colored people. I's no hope of secing my boys agin this side the Land. was bestowed upon it by the stupid Al. from the soul most works on the soul.

'Good bye,' I repeated, as I retreated gerines. Leaving part of his mon in the hastily-for, to say the truth, I could no cutter, with orders for them to lie low unlonger restrain my tears, and I hated to der the wharf, Lieut. Stewart and the re-The negro obeyed, and his uncovered as its own face before it, (as the poet let a woman see me weep-'good bye.' mainder of his force followed the foot-

God bless you, massa, God bless you! rapidly up the intervening streets. Yes, massa, and God will bless you, if On arriving at his late prison, an old you is the friend of the slave."

#### THE LAST BULLET.

The United States ship-of-war, Constellation, was anchored in the harbor of Algiers, whither she had proceeded un- of the father was extreme. der command of Commodore Preble,havng on board among her officers. Charles Stewart, then an acting lieutenant, and the man the old Commodore looked to for during the last hour; 'shall I never see assistance in fighting the Algerines.

It was the watch of young Stewart, and he was pacing to and fro on the deck the rear of the building, and assured his about half an hour after sunset, when he saw a small boat, containing a single per- carried off by the master, and that no for the Chair to assign the floor to anyson, coming off from the Old Port, as the western part of the town was called, and as the lying rascal uttered the concluding the tone in which he pronounced the forheading directly for the ship.

rover, filled with men, whose presence was announced by a continual firing at him of whom they were in such determined pursuit-holding on their way until they were under the very guns of the

' Now, by my soul,' cried Stewart, 'may a lesson. Stand by, Mr. Rogers, he ad-father and Lieut. Stewart.

An instant later, a wreath of smoke dren free; mother slave, slave children. about too-oo-oo'-her sobs interrupted sel, and as the report went booming over Perhaps the speediest method of peacea- her speech for a few seconds—too-oo-oo the water, the iron messenger sped on its It was also at the same moment that the way, crashing into the pursuing boat, se- old Moor, who had so long considered then as now, Toombs was abusing all (by reversing) this law. Under its be- Her maternal affections were strongly verely wounding two or three of the neficent operations the chivalry would be moved; I knew she would answer any crew. She instantly turned to put back, at the same time that the fugitive reached 'It must have been very hard with you his destination, and came up the side, in-

He was an elderly man, with a stout frame and brownish features; but it did "Almost, massa!" sho rejoined, "far not require but a single glance from the eutenant to see that he was of English gladly be free if they could get their lib- if we knowed they was gone; but when or American descent. As soon as he I entered a third room. One man erty. Say about a third have good mas- they're sold down South-ah!-ah!- was sufficiently recovered from his over halt! exertion to breathe, he went on to tell his A sharp and determined struggle soon She did not finish the sentence in ar- story, to which Stewart listened with much commenced, in the course of which half

heaved her bereaved maternal breast, zen named James Collins, a native of rescuers had expended all of their am-New York, who, with his wife and daugh- munition, and only a single bullet was reand crew, two years before, by an Alger- was just wondering what he should do she uttered these words. I wished that since his capture, all the horrors of a made a turious dash at Mr. C. and his and that which moved Lieut. Stewart the sudden arrival decided the destination of laughter and cheers—the President most, was the announcement that his the last bullet. daughter, a gentle and beautiful girl, was | Take it, you black devil!" cried Stew-

minated not two hours ago,' finished the floor, father, when I struck the persecutor insensible to my feet, and fled. By dint of 'Oh! God!' I ejaculated, as I gazed exertion, I managed to reached the water The powder and ball are out; we must on her grief-furrowed face, which was side, and embarked before the pursuers trust to the sword."

Commodere Preble. One moment the young lieutenant was engaged with his commander in the cabin, and then he came forth with a stern at the cutter. Twenty minutes more and we were 'born and raised,' because it in the darkness with the lieutenant and ty thanks of his superior, to say nothing score years and ten. But it is compariwas surrounded by a crowd of spectators, now of trying to escape. It's hardly so 'Yes, I suppose so; not half of you the stranger in the stern, and rapidly of the gratitude of Mr. Collins and his struck out for the shore.

The boat landed, after twenty minutes of rapid progress, at a small wharf near

Good bye, said the slave-mother .- steps of Mr. Collins, who led the way

and dingy looking structure, extremely spacious, having all the looseness of the Moorish style, the party discovered that silence and darkness were the principal features of the scene. Not a sound was beard nor a word uttered. The whole building seemed deserted. The agony

+Oh, my child! my child! he cried,no longer able to control the terrible emo-

A Moorish slave came around from late fellow captive that the girl had been words a wild shrick resounded through-This person was rowing with all his out the chambers, and the next moment a might, and Stewart was not long in discovering the cause. Close behind the summers appeared at one of the front will speak." single boatman was seen a large sallee windows, looking like a spectre in her garments of spotless white.

ing, the maiden threw herself from the ah ! shiver, do we?" I be shot if I don't teach those fellows a low window, falling into the arms of her Wade went on, leaping almost from the

and his daughter, came to the window style, when Wade, his hands on the arms

set up a startling yell. ing and conducted the entire party with- "I except the Senator from Ohio!"the rascals off their pins the instant they

the Moorish soldiers were killed, and the The new comer was an American citi- remainder finally gave way. But the ter, had been taken from an American maining-that in a large horse-pistol, in vessel at the same time as its commander the possession of Lieut. Stewart. He ine pirate. His wife had since died, and with it, when the old Moor came down he and his daughter had been enduring, stairs, with a huge sabre in his grasp, and hopeless and aggravated captivity. But daughter, with murder written on his feathe worst part of the poor man's story, tures and alashing from his eyes. This

on the very eve of being forced into a detestable union with the very wretch who ing. and he fired his weapon, the ball compass, Wade went on roasting the dehad bought her and her father as slaves. passing through and through the miscre- mocracy about their "nigger bill," and · My agony at these circumstances cul- ant's head, and bringing him dead to the satisfying Toombs that he (Wade) was

going to finish with a hand to hand fight. ed over the fight to Fessenden.

Our owner, said Mr. Collins, resides considerable consequence in New York; in the western part of the city. There and we are assured that Charley Stewart quors are so drugged with poisonous posed to doubt what I am about to add— if I don't try to run away—leastways till I talked with the old mother for a few is a coast guard established, but I do not was never happier in his life than when minutes longer, and then took her by apprehend that we shall have especial Miss Alice was united to one of his trouble from that source. I think we chuns, a noble-hearted Lieutenant, now testines are rapidly eaten away, and the 'Good bye, old lady,' I said, 'I hope can land below, go up the streets to the a Commander, who fell in love with the most iron constitution is able to resist four-fifty-four bundred and fifty-four The slave was dressed in his panta- 'Yes, sir, they are very hard on us that you will die a free woman, with all bouse, and carry off my child, and all rescued maiden during the Constellation's homeward passage.

## A SCENE IN THE SENATE

During the session of the Senate a few days previous to its adjournment, when the democracy were attempting to force a vote upon the Cuban bill, Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, commenced a tirade of abuse upon the Republicans, charging them with cowardice in not meeting the question. A correspondent of the New York Tribune gives the following graphic account of the reply of Senator Wade, of Ohio, whose sent adjoins Toombs':

Nearly all eyes had been fixed on Toombs and Seward-the latter calm and pale, and looking steadily at his assailant. But the few who knew Wade well, had not failed to notice his hands tions which had been surging in his soul firmly elenched on the arms of his chair, his compressed lips and the indescribable air of defiance that sat upon his countenance. Ere Toombs was fairly in his sent, Seward, Fessenden and Wade one was to home save himself. But even body but "the Senator from Ohio," for mula, "Mr. President!" and the eye he fixed on Breckenridge, said as plain as words cauld have uttered it, "I must and

Wade, who don't fear the devil, turned square upon Toombs, who knows that 'My child-my Alice !' exclaimed Mr. Wade don't fear the devil, and bringing his fist down within about an inch of 'Save me, father!' was the response; Toombs' nose and heavily upon his desk, and while shouts and groans were heard said, his eye riveting him, and the hot proceeding from the interior of the build- words hissing through his teeth, " Skulk,

floor at every sentence, showing plainly The very moment of this re-union, was that though he was able to reply effecdestined to be that in which a company tively to the taunts and abuse that fell of Algerine troops came around the near- from Toomby lips, he would rather drive est corner, marching up the street in the them forcibly down his throat-all of direction of Lieut. Stewart and his men. which Toombs knew, because, once on a himself the proprietor of Mr. Collins Republicans in the most vituperative through which the girl had just passed, and of his chair, ready to leap to his feet, demanded to know, "Does the Senator 'This way!' cried Mr. Collins, and he include me in what he is now saying?" dashed open the front door of the build- Upon which the Georgian responded, in. Look to your weapons, and take Since that occurrence, everybody thinks

> But, to the speech. The first sentence went straight to the core of the subject, and all the rest followed it. "You sneer at the homestead bill, because it gives land to the landless, do you? What is your pet measure? Stealing niggers for the niggerless! We go to the country upon it-" Land for the landless, versus niggers for the niggerless!"

> That was enough. The galleries had seemingly held their breath. Fow, some feet came down with one determined stamp upon the floor-a few hands smote together-but the mass, in gallery and in Senate, shouted with a mingled roar of throwing down the gavel in despair.

Having in this phrase, compressed the not much frightened, however it might 'Now, boys,' added Lient. S., 'we are be with him (Toombs) and then he hand-

Pigs and Men .- While so much is wet with heart-sad tears, this slavery is could prevent it. But, though I have Closely followed by his men, as well beard of the Hog Cholera, so fatal to the most infernal institution that the sun succeeded in reaching this place of safety, my poor Alice is still in the power of led the way towards the boat. It seemed the swill on which they are fed being so I hadn't married, I would have been free I did not address this remark to the old her tormentor, exposed to his vengeance, as though all Algiers had turned out to strongly impregnated with strychine, in now; bekase I would have had a thou- woman; I did not, indeed, intend to utter and I am almost crazy at thinking that witness the triumphal retreat, the streets order to make a more remarkable kind sand dollars by this time to have bought it at all; but I did speak it aloud, and she may even now be subjected to a fate being filled with thousands of men and of whiskey, the Ohio Legislature conworse than death. If I could only guide women collected together by the brief templates framing a law, visiting, with make to get along with my family. Well 'Yes, massa,' she said, 'it am infernal; a good boat's crew, under your orders—' contest at the Moor's house, but not an very severe penalties, those who thus kill One moment, interrupted Stewart. attempt was made to intercept the party, their darling hogs; but as long as men Stay where you are till I have seen the bravest of the Algerines contenting only perished by drinking bad whiskey. themselves with scowls and denuncianeeded. The best whiskey in the world Ten minutes later the rescuers were was made in the secluded locality where daughter, whose family proved to be of liquor drinker beyond fifty years of age. Chemists know the reason to be, that lishort years. Another fact, not less suggestive, not only to Ohio law makers. A friend that you buy with pres- but all others, is, that of six thousand persons tried last year before the New York Court of Sessions, not more than